I DOUBT IT.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly softness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the good part?
Well, may be you will—but I doubt it.

The Best Friend You Can Have.

Young men, don't rely upon your friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they call friends, and thousands have starved because they had a rich farther. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

Simply to Lend Dignity.

"Youth is the time to serve the Lord," according to the hymn; it's only in old age, apparently, that one is expected to serve mammon.

A young man, the President of a bank note company, has found his youthful appearance so disadvantageous that he has hired a white-haired old man to sit at a desk in his office and read the papers all day. Customers thinking he is the young man's father and the head of the institution, feel a confidence in it which otherwise they would not have.

A Pleasant (?) Home.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"An interior," as the painters call it was on exhibition at a New York Police court the other day—a very graphic and very faithful picture of what can be seen in more than one household. "She makes me get up and light the fire, cook her breakfast, fetch toast and tea to her bedside, and then go out and do my day's work." That was his side of it.

"That's all very true," was her side of it, "and you'd think I did nothing but loaf all day. Look at my hands, Judge! Do they appear white and soft? They are rough, and red, brought about by hard work. I don't have a moment of the day to myself. I have to wash, cook, and mind the children—ten little ones, the oldest but 11, and the youngest 5 months. What more can be expected of me?"

Then the Judge gave him a lecture for bringing such a complaint against his wife, and the husband withdrew his complaint.

What a Woman Can Do.

[Philadelphia News.]

She can say "No," and stick to it for all time.

She can also say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil, if you give her plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can pass the display window of a draper's shop without stopping—if she is running to catch a train.

She can walk half the night with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing the desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place.

She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection.

She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some instances can give a faint idea of what the text was.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything and do it well.

THE SNAKE INDIAN.

[Bill Nye, in Free Press.]

There are about 5,000 Snake or Shoshone Indians now extant, the greater part being in Utah and Nevada, though there is a reservation in Idaho and another in Wyoming.

The Shoshone Indian is reluctant to accept of civilization on the European plan. He prefers the ruder customs which have been handed down from father to son along with other hairlooms. I use the word hairlooms in its broadest sense.

There are the Shoshones proper and the Utes or Utahs, to which have been added by some authorities the Comanches, and Moquis of New Mexico and Arizona, the Netelas and other tribes of California. The Shoshone, wherever found, is clothed in buckskin and blanket in winter, but dressed more lightly in summer, wearing nothing but an air of intense gloom in August. To this he adds on holidays a necklace made from the store teeth of the hardy pioneer.

The Snake or Shoshone Indian is passionately fond of the game known as poker among us, and which, I learn, is played with cards. It is a game of chance though skill and a thorough knowledge of firearms are of great use. The Indians enter into this game with great zeal and lend to it the wonderful energy which they have presented from year to year by abstaining from the debilitating effects of manual labor. All day long the red warrior sits in his skin boudoir, nursing the sickly and reluctant "flush," patient, silent and hopeful. Through the cold of winter, in the desolute mountains he continues to

"Hope on, hope ever,"

That he will "draw to fill." Far away up the canyon he hears the sturdy blows of his wife's tomahawk as she slaughters the grease wood and the sage brush for the fire in his gilded hall where he sits and woos the lazy Goddess of Fortune.

With the Shoshone, poker is not alone a relaxation, the game wherewith to wear out a long and listless evening, but it is a passion, a duty and a devotion. He has a face designed especially for poker. It never shows a sign of good or evil fortune. You might as well try to win a smile from a railroad right of way. The full hand, the fours, threes, pairs and bobtail flushes are all the same to him, if you judge by his face.

When he gets hungry he cinches himself a little tighter and continues to "rastle" with fate. You look at his smoky, old copper cent of a face and you see no change. You watch him as he coins the last buckshot of his tribe and later on when he goes forth a pauper, and the corners of his famine-breeding mouth have never moved. His little black, smoke-inflamed eyes have never lighted with triumph or joy. He is the great aboriginal stoic and sylvan dude. He does not smile. He does not weep. It certainly must be intensely pleasant to be a wild, free, lawless, irresponsible, natural born fool.

The Shoshones proper include the Bannocks, which are again subdivided into the Koolsitakara, or Buffalo Eaters, on Wind River, the Tookarika or Mountain Sheep Eaters, on Salmon and Suabe Rivers, the Shoshocas or White Knives, sometimes called Diggers, of the Humboldt River and the Great Salt Lake basin. Probably the Hokandikahs, Yahooskins and the Wahlpapes are subdivisions of the Digger tribe. I am not sure of this, but I shall not suspend my business till I find out about it. If I cannot get at a great truth right off I wait patiently and go right on drawing my salary.

The Shoshones live on the government and other small game. They will eat anything when hungry, from a buffalo down to a woodtick. The Shoshone does not despise small things. He loves insects in any form. He loves to make pets of them and to study their habits in his home life.

Formerly, when a great Shoshone warrior died, they killed his favorite wife over his grave so that she could go to the happy hunting grounds with him, but it is not so customary now. I tried to impress on an old Shoshone brave once that they ought not to do that. I tried to show him that it would encourage celibacy and destroy domestic ties in his tribe. Since that there has been quite a stride toward reform among them. Instead of killing the widow on the death of the husband, the husband takes such good care of his health and avoids all kinds of intellectual strain or physical fatigue, that late years there are no widows, but widowers just seem to swarm in the Shoshone tribe. The woods are full of them.

Now, if they would only kill the widower over the grave of the wife, the Indian's future would assume a more definite shape.

Some Reporters of the Past.

[Whitman in American Journalist.]

Charles Dickens was a reporter, and in that wonderful mirage of family life, "David Copperfield," he gives glances of his reportorial impressions.

W. D. Howells, the greatest of American novelists, was a reporter, and is still for that matter. His novels are nothing more than the careful and painstaking representations of an accurate observer. While he has shown his newspaper experience his work in its attention to detail and dependence upon narrative and description, in "Modern Instance," he has distinctly set forth his newspaper views. He deliberately starts his hero, Bartly Campbell, in the newspaper business, he shows him what kind of writing is valuable, what kind is worthless; he brings him through the various stages of newspaper experience, and makes a trained journalist of him, showing the reader at every step just how it is done. However little respect the reader may have for Bartley Campbell's character, he cannot help but have a very lively respect for his newspaper work.

There have been embryo poets, many of them among the reporters. Hood is said to have been a writer for the press, and to have conceived the plan of that:

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,"

while writing up a suicide of a notorious woman of the town.

Edgar Allen Poe was a reporter, although a very poor one. An amusing story regarding Poe's newspaper experience was related to me some time ago by a Philadelphia gentleman. Poe had been for some time on the New York Tribune, and was, after a fashion, a protege of Horace Greeley's. The old nobleman's sympathies were often touched by Poe's financial straits, and several times he generously helped him out. One day Poe came to him requesting a loan of one hundred dollars. He offered his note, and Mr. Greeley accepted it, giving him the money. That same day Poe left for another city, and that was the last Greeley saw or heard of him or the money. Some years after when Poe's poetry had become famous, a Philadelphia lady who was, as she said, "a passionate and devoted admirer of the poet's genius," wrote to Mr. Greeley asking if he had Poe's signature, and if he had how much money it would take to buy it. Greeley wrote back: "I have his signature, madam, and it will take just one hundred dollars to buy it." The lady sent on her check for one hundred dollars, and by return mail Mr. Greeley sent her Poe's note, the signature being underlined with a blue pencil.

Not in Favor of a Trad

[Philadelphia Post.]

A prominent New Yorker, who has been out West attending the National Convention of "Cowbows," finds reason to believe that the cry of hard times is due to the over production of machinery, and he echoes Horace Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West."

"There," he says, "are one thousand square miles of fertile farming lands that have scarcely been scratched yet.

It costs $6 to plant and harvest an acre of wheat, whether the yield is small or great. If the farmer gets twelve bushels of wheat to the acre, and commands fifty cents a bushel for it, he gets his money back If he raises twenty-four bushels to the acre, he doubles his money.

Most of the Western wheat fields have averaged twenty bushels to the acre this year." He adds: "If you can name any other business as safe, which gives a larger return on the capital invested I should be very much pleased to hear of it."

The coal mines in the Nord district of France produced 3,789,000 tones of coal last year, an increase of three per cent on the quantity of the succeeding year. To raise this total 19,880 men were employed, and of these there were about 15,510 engaged under ground.

THE LISPING OF LOVE.

HE.
I'd like a kith,
My pretty Mith,
Becauth a kith ith thweet!
Thay, do you known
That kitheth grow
Where lipth of loverth meet?

SHE.
Oh, yeth, I know
Where kitheth grow,
Without your hinting lookth;
Becauth, you thee,
Te hel te he!
I read of it in bookth.

The Hard and the Easy Way.

In work there is a way of doing which saves strength. We call it "knack." One does a piece of work by sheer force and another by skill of manipulation does the same with half the physical effort. To teach the other the sleight-of-hand by which strength is spared is wise. So in study, play and all else. There is an easy and a hard way. There is no wrong in doing it the easy way, if we are thorough.

Prentice on the Poetry Market.

It is said by those who knew little of George D. Prentice that he wrote verses for recreation, and that he estimated lightly all poetry. The truth is that he was peculiarly of a poetic temperament, and wrote poetry because he loved it. Yet he used often to advise others not to bother about it; "for," said he, "it is the most unmarketable article in all the booths of Vanity Fair." This, however, I think he only did in the cases of those whom he felt could never write creditable poetry, for it is certain that he was the patron and encourager of numberless poets and poetesses, many of whom became famous.

The Friend of the Paper.

[Texas Siftings.]

The alleged friends of a newspaper have some very peculiar ideas as to what kind of items a newspaper really needs. Not long since a gentleman named Smith came into Texas Siftings sanctum in a patronizing sort of way.

"Don't you know that you are missing dead oodles of live items by not mixing more with the people? Now, I am on the streets all day long, and come across plenty of items, and, if you say so, I'll come up here every once in a while, and post you about what is going on."

"All right."

"I've got an item for you right now that will increase the circulation of your paper like the very mischief. You know Major Sniverly, who ran against me for alderman in my ward, and who beat me by the vilest bribery and corruption?"

"Well, what about him?"

"He has been picked up at last. One of his uncles in Missouri has eloped with a widow and left his own family destitute. Go for Sniverly. Don't spare him. Just lift him out of his boots. I'd have beat him for alderman by more than a hundred votes if he had not resorted to bribery and corruption."

"Have you any more valuable items for the paper, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, a most remarkable occurrence, and yours is the only paper I've given it to. To save you trouble I have written it out. Here it is; I'll read it to you," and taking some manuscript from his pocket, he read: "'A Curious Freak of Nature—The family cat of our worthy and distinguished fellow citizen, Peter Smith, a better man than whom God never let live, and who keeps the boss grocery store of Austin, beer always on tap, yesterday became the mother of six beautifully marked kittens. We understand that the taxpayers of his ward are endeavoring to induce Mr. Smith to once more become a condidate for alderman in that ward, in which case we predict he will carry everything before him. How is that for a live item?"

"We charge ten dollars for announcing candidates for office," remarked the editor.

Mr. Smith arose, placed his manuscript under his arm, and strode away. He goes around now telling everybody that a really independent paper should be started in Austin, a paper that is not controlled by any ring or clique, but is devoted to the interests of the whole people.

Many readers may think this picture is overdrawn, but suffering editors all over the Udited States will lift up their hands and testify that they are personally acquainted with Smith.

TROUBLESOME BOYS.

[Lewis, in Detroit Free Press.]

The experiment of sending a bad boy to the country to cure him of his vicious habits used to be very popular, but if you will find one single case where a real knavish lad was ever transformed into a good boy by this change of habitation I'll find you a hundred cases where they were made worse than before. When a boy becomes a rascal it takes something more than a change of scenery to effect a cure.

It does not follow that because a boy lives in a village where there are a dozen saloons, he must ever enter even one of them. There may be bad boys there, but he is not forced into their company. He has better chances to secure an education, better opportunities for self-culture and his parents really have more control over him.

There are bad boys in the large cities, but they are soon singled out by the law.

A wild lad is quite as much under the control of his parents in a city like Detroit as he would be on a farm. Hundreds of country boys come here to the colleges, and instead of being ruined by the temptations of city life they return home wonderfully improved in mind and manners.

A man who signs himself "A Massachusetts father" writes thusly:

"If you have studied the boy question perhaps you can help me. I have a son eighteen years of age who might be of the greatest assistance to me in the shop, but who is worse than useless. Outside of his lazy habits, he is inclined to drink and consort with rough characters. Talk and argument have no effect, and I am prepared any day to hear of his arrest for a State Prison offense. Come, now, tell me what you would do with such a boy?" How would you go to work to manage him?"

Let's see who is in fault. How did you bring the boy up? Did you let him run the streets during his youth, send him to school, or keep him at work? As a boy, did you enforce obedience on his part or, did you let him have his own way? If you are an intelligent, industrious, respectable father, and your son is a loafer the blame, quite likely, rests with you. There has been a loose wheel somewhere in your way of training.

Once in a while you find a boy who seems possessed of the evil one, and neither coaxing nor whipping have any good effect. Their end is State Prison or the gallows. You may find one such boy out of 200, but not more. You can spoil a boy by pounding him, making a slave of him, bossing him too much, or by killing his ambition. Say to a boy of 15 that his time and wages belong to you for six years, and you will break down his ambition in no time. Have you offered your son wages to work with you, or is it the "board and clothes' idea you are seeking to make him accept? What sort of home have you made for him? When evening came did you see that he had papers, books and games and entertainments, or was he left to sit and look at his toes while you monopolized the only newspaper in the house?

It may hurt your feelings to hear it, but I warrent if the case were left to a jury of six men, they would find the blame resting with you. You haven't studied your boy. You have simply settled things in your own mind and taken it as a matter of course that he would accept them. Time was when a great gulf separated father and son. The son dared not confide in his father, and the father dared not exhibit any tenderness for fear of lowering his dignity. Time was when anything was good enough for a boy, and it was impudent in him to express an opinion.

That time has gone by, and we are doing as much for our sons as for our horses. Thirty years ago a boy who started out for himself at the age of 21 was getting an early start, as few men married before they were 23. In this age boys of 18 and 19 go into business and marry at 21. A boy of 16 is to-day as well posted in general matters as one was at 24 in days gone by.

If you and other fathers won't realize this it will be the worst for you. A boy of 18 ought to be fast friends with his father, while your boy has been alienated. At that age he ought to have finished his common schooling and be ready for a trade or profession. Your boy is a vagabond. A young man of 18 has more pride of person and character than at any other time of life. Your boy is content with low company. Think it all over and see if you don't feel self-condemned.

Home Life in America.

Out of slender resources many an American wife makes an attractive home. If the comparison were made it might appear that there is more privacy and quietness in the home life in America than in England.

Is not the typical English home, whether in country or city, always full of guests? Does not conventionality invade the family? There could scarcely be a more interesting study than comparison of the home life of different countries—Germany, England, America. But to suppose that the thing itself is wanting in America is to hit as far wide of the mark as possible.

The increasing frequency of divorce may be thought to indicate indifference to the sacredness of home and family; but, on the other hand, the alarm which is beginning to be felt in view of the fact shows how highly the home is valued.

In any country it is, of course, true that absorption in fashionable life is fatal to the interests of the home.

Bloodhounds in Texas.

[Galveston News.]

There was quite a little stir here this evening as the east-bound train pulled in. Mr. G. L. Scott, Sheriff of Graham county, had on board the train a prisoner, taking him to Navasota. Scott stepped out of the train to take charge of another prisoner, and while out the prisoner made a break for liberty and succeeded in getting away. As luck would have it, Mr. Jim Norman happened to be on hand with his blood hounds, which they put on the trail of the escaped prisoner, and in about half an hour the dogs run the prisoner up a tree about two miles from here. He is now in the hands of Mr. Scott, and will not attempt any more such breaks.

New Uses for the New Anæsthetic.

[National Druggist.]

Dr. Fleischl, of Vienna, declares that morphinism, alcoholism and similar habits can now be cured rapidly and painlessly by means of cocaine chloride.

The method is very simple—a withdrawal either gradual or abrupt and complete, of the habitual intoxicant, and treatment of the nervous and other symptoms which arise there-from by means of hypodermic injections of cocaine. He claims that in ten days a cure may be effected in any case. The dose of cocaine chloride, hypodermically, is from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain, dissolved in water, repeated as necessary.

Baby's Outspoken Sympathy.

[Somerville Journal.]

Baby has an idea—the result, perhaps, of painful experience—that if any one is sick, the trouble must lie in the epigastric region.

The other day her father came home from the office with a bad cold and a raging headache. Baby appeared to be very sorry for him, but said little.

Two hours later her mother was taking her down town in a well filled horse-car. Suddenly looking up, after a season of pensive musing, Baby was moved to remark in a tone audible to every one of the smiling passengers: "Mamma, Baby's awfu' sorry papa's got 'e tummick ache!"

Hadn't Read It.

[Boston Transcript.]

"Oh, Mr. Brown," asked Miss Azurehose, "can you tell me where I can get Mark Twain's Scrap book? It is the only work of his that I haven't read, and I am just dying to get hold of it." Brown was forced to admit that he hadn't read it himself, and he didn't know anybody who had; but he referred her to the nearest stationer's, with a face as straight as the shortest distance between two points.

A Valet.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

A great many high-toned New Yorkers have valets. A valet is a man employed to put another man to bed when the other man can't get there himself.

Eight Hours to Sleep.

The value of sleep to brain-workers cannot be exaggerated. In a recent lecture Dr. Malins, a famous English physician, said that the brain requires twelve hours of sleep at 4 years old gradually diminishing by hours and half-hours to ten hours at 14, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed.

Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours, and took them; Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven.

Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been, in any sense, gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but it is not the less a truth, that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.

Show the Children Respect.

It will surprise many parents to have it suggested that they should treat their children courteously and respectfully. Yet it is the best education that can be imparted to them.

Parents are apt to think that children should be subject to authority and are not to be consulted. But why not? It teaches them to exercise judgment and imparts self-respect. The imitative quality in children leads them to reproduce what is most striking in their parents, unless they have a sufficiently positive individuality to map out characters for themselves.

Thus, many children reproduce the leading characteristics of the parent who commands most their regard. So, to treat them harshly, or even imperatively, is to create an autocratic disposition in them. It is not a lovely trait. Self-respect and equipoise of character are very different from a domineering propensity, which arrogates authority everywhere.

Too Many for the Serpent.

[St. Louis Republican.]

A strange encounter took place yesterday in Forest park between a gigantic hawk and a large blacksnake, five feet in length.

The keeper of the park was attracted to the spot by the erratic motions of the hawk, which was endeavoring either by agility or strategy to get hold of the snake's neck.

The reptile, with all the subtlety of its kind, tumbled to the racket, and in order to frustrate the insidious designs of his adversary stood upright on the end of his tail, and preformed some marvellous feats of balancing on his caudle extremity. All the while the hawk was describing circles around the snake's head, and the snake, in order to avoid the deadly blow, was waltzing round with terpsichorean grace and keeping his weather eye on the bird that thirsted for his gore.

The keeper watched the struggle for some time in silence and at last decided to approach the excited pair. The hawk flew away as he neared the scene and the keeper killed the snake.

Sixty Million Years Hence.

[New York Tribune.]

Prof. Richard A. Proctor says the moon is the most interesting of all the heavenly bodies. It has been particularly serviceable in the proof it affords of the law of gravitation.

It proves, too, what the world has been in remote ages of the past and what it will be in remote ages to come. Its most significant service to man has been as a measurement of time.

The only perceptible effect which the earth has upon the moon's course is that of attraction, by which its route in space is silently deviated. From the moon's present condition we may inform ourselves of the course of all planetary life.

There is every reason to suppose that our present condition was at one time hers; that she possessed an atmosphere, water, animal and vegetable life. That has now passed away. Her surface is a sterile, rocky mass. The atmosphere has gone or nearly so, and the seas are dried up.

This same process is going on with our earth, and a similar result will eventually ensue, but by reason of the greater bulk of our planet, effects produced in ten millions of years in the moon will require sixty millions with us.

POVERTY OF THE PRESIDENTS.

"There's Nothing so Expensive as Glory."

["Carp," in the Cleveland Leader.]

If you will look back over the list you will see that from the beginning most of our Presidents have been poor men. George Washington was, perhaps, the wealthiest of them and Rutherford B. Hayes will perhaps rank next.

John Adams, at the age of 66, after twenty-six years of continuous public service, retired to his little estate at Quincy, Mass., with barely enough property to give him the needs of life on a farm.

Thomas Jefferson had to borrow something less than $10,000 of a Richmond bank to pay his debts before he left the White House, and the history of the last seventeen years of his life is one of almost continuous financial embarrassment.

President Madison left some property at the time of his death, but his widow, the peerless Dolly, was for a time dependant on the bread and meat furnished her by an old negro servant, and her last days were made easy only by Congress buying her for $30,000 the manuscript notes of the debates of the Constitutional Convention which Madison had taken.

President Monroe, though he declined it is said, $358,000 from the government for his public services, died very poor in New York.

John Quincy Adams must have received over half a million dollars in government salaries, and he is one of the few Presidents who again took up life after he left the White House. He remained in retirement only about a year, and then entered the Lower House of congress. After about sixteen years of service there he died in the Capital in 1848, exclaiming, "This is the end of earth, I am content."

Andrew Jackson gained nothing in wealth from his White House salary. It cost him, he says, every cent of it to pay expenses, and the most of the proceeds of his cotton crop in addition. He returned from Washington at the close of his second term with just $90 in his pocket, to find his farm going to ruin, and himself so deeply in debt that he had to sell part of his land to get out.

Van Buren was a close, cautious, money-making fellow. He got good law fees and began to learn economy while saving enough as a young man to get married. At his estate at Lindenwald, where he lived during his last years he was surrounded with comforts.

President Harrison owned a farm in Ohio when he was inaugurated President. It is safe to say he was poor, for he had been lately doing the drudgery of a clerk of the courts at Cincinnati.

President Tyler supplied much of the money which ran the White House out of his own pocket, and Congress would not pay the salary of his private secretary. Moderately wealthy while here at Washington, he left little to his children, and one of his sons is now a clerk in the Treasury Department in Washington.

Zach. Taylor was by no means wealthy when he died in the White House.

James K. Polk left a big house and enough to keep his widow, and Miliard Fillmore, who started life as a wool carder, died ten years ago with enough of an estate to create a lawsuit over the sanity of his second wife.

James Buchanan did not leave such an estate as to enable Harriet Lane to keep Wheatlands, and within the past year it has been advertised for sale. Buchanan spent all his salary as President at Washington, and what he had left after paying White House expenses he gave in charity.

Abraham Lincoln died poor, and it was due to Congress that his family was provided for.

Andrew Johnson went back to his house at Greenville, Tenn., where he had started life as a tailor. He died by a stroke of paralysis, and left no fortune behind.

Of the other presidents Grant's necessities are agitating the country, and Garfield's family is wealthy only through the voluntary subscriptions of the people. Truly, as Sidney Smith used to say, "There is nothing so expensive as glory."

TRIAL BY JURY.

It Was the First Step Toward Representative Government.

Judge David Davis, in a paper read before the Illinois Bar, said on the subject of trial by jury:

"The antiquity of the institution of the jury does not in itself prove that it should be retained. But it is a strong argument in favor of its retention, and throws the burden of proof upon those who assert the contrary.

A system by which the concurrence of the people in the administration of the law is required of necessity influences beneficially the national character. This is evident to every intelligent men who compares the nations who possess it with those who are without it. It is conducive of self-government, which is the basis of our civilization.

The sense of responsibility of the community is increased when each individual in it is informed that if qualified he may be called upon at any time to discharge the important functions that devolve upon juries. This requirement of qualification teaches him that in order to fulfill the duties he owes to society he must fit himself to perform the trust intelligently. The jury trial also inculcates fair dealing. The juryman of today may have a lawsuit to be tried tomorrow, and he learns to judge men on the same plan that he expects to be judged by them.

The average citizen associates his ideas of justice with the trial by jury. By means of it he becomes accustomed to judicial proceedings and gets his knowledge of the laws, and is taught by it to respect them and the decisions of courts, and to submit to authority. We consider the freedom of the press as among the highest of social blessings. There would be no occasion for exultation on this subject if there had been no trial by jury.

As an educator of the people lies "its greatest advantage" according to M. de Tocqueville. He calls it a school into which admission is free and open, which each juror enters to be instructed in his legal rights, and he says: "I regard it as one of the most efficacious means that society can employ for the education of the masses." And Lord John Russell, in commenting on the English Government, says:

"It is to trial by jury more than even by representation (as it at present exists) that the people owe the share they have in the government of the country; and it is to trial by jury also that the government mainly owes the attachment of the people to the laws—a consideration which ought to make our legislators very cautious how they take away this mode of trial by new, trifling and vexatious enactments."

Without pursuing the subject further, I trust I may be pardoned for saying that I am reluctant to lay hands on an established institution which has stood the test of centuries and which the first nations of the earth regard as their most precious jewel.

Detrimental to Beauty.

[Post-Dispatch.]

Grief, as well as all agitation of the mind, is detrimental to beauty. Too much excitement of the tear ducts dims the eyes, and traces of the working of the passions are left upon the face.

Those people who are happily gifted with an equal temperament grow old much less quickly than those whose dispositions are the reverse.

Girls sometimes bite and suck their lips in order to make them red. It is a foolish habit, which may injure their shape. Dryness and cracking of the lips, as well as "fever sores," are usually due to a disordered stomach.

Persons liable to such troubles should apply to their lips every night a salve of glycerine mixed with lard, which is the best application known for that purpose.

A fever sore begins as a hot, painful lump on the lip, soon changing into a blister. It is both annoying and disfiguring. The sore should never be rubbed or scratched. At the very outset it should be touched with this preparation every few hours: Carbolic acid, ten drops; glycerine, a teaspoonful; attar of roses, two drops.